DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE

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A SAINTED QUEEN.

"This chronicle, extended from the earliest history of Britain to the year 1154, is, justly, the boast of England; for no other nation can produce any history, written in its own vernacular, at all approaching it, either in antiquity, truthfulness, or extent, the historical books of the Bible alone excepted." So writes the accomplished scholar Benjamin Thorpe. Out of the blurred and blotted parchments of "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" we gather: "That this summer (1016) Edgar Child, mid his mother Agatha, his twam sweostran Margarita and Christina," fled from the vengeance of Gulielmus Conquestor and took refuge at the Court of King Malcolm, the third of the name, in Scotland. "Then," says the chronicle, "King Malcolm began to yearn after Edgar's sister Margaret to wife, but he and all his men long refused; and she herself also declined, and said:—'that she or him nor any one would have, if to her the heavenly Clemency would grant, that she in maidenhood the mighty Lord, with corporal heart, in this short life, in pure continence, might propitiate.'" The king pressed his suit to Edgar, "until he answered 'Yea.'" Never had wedded life such a glorious outcome, and never did Chronicle record a lovelier story—"It then" (the wedding) "came to pass, as God had before provided, and it might not be otherwise, as He Himself in His Gospel saith, that not even a sparrow may fall into a snare without His 'geeacnian' (providence.) The prescient Creator knows beforehand what He would have done by her; for she was to increase the praise of God in the land and direct the king from the erroneous path, and incline him, together with his people to a better way, and suppress the evil habits which the nation had previously cultivated: as she afterwards did. The king then received her, though it was against her will; and her manners pleased him, and he thanked God who had mightily given him such a mate and wisely bethought him—as he was a very sagacious man—and turned himself to God, and contemned every impurity; according to what the apostle Paul, the teacher of all the Gentiles, said: "Full oft the unbelieving man is hallowed and healed through the righteous, believing woman; and in like manner the woman through the believing man."

The wedding of Margaret and Malcolm proved an inestimable blessing, not only to her spouse, but to the whole nation. By her influence and the example of her exiled countrymen, the arts then known in England were introduced among the barbarous Scots; and along the coasts of the estuary of the Forth, where a number of trades were settled, the Saxon languages began to supersede the Gaelic. Burton, in his "History of Scotland," tells us that Margaret "found that the people of Scotland did not respect the Lord's Day, but followed their usual occupations upon it as on the ordinary week days. On her remonstrance this was rectified, so that the day was sanctified from labor. It was at her desire that a church was founded at Dunfermline, and she also rebuilt the church of Iona which had been desolated and desecrated by the Norsemen under the command of Haco, the heathen viking.

Malcolm having been slain at the siege of Alnwick Castle in 1093, his body was deposited at Tynemouth, but was afterwards brought, "with royal pomp to the church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline," the church Queen Margaret had built; which, patched and restored, remains to this day. Queen Margaret died four years after her husband had been slain, and her body was brought from Edinburgh to Dunfermline.

A plain blue slab of stone marks the place of their rest, and on the grassy bank that overhangs the murmuring waters of Pittencrieff burn the spot is still pointed out where the sainted queen and wife, turning the leaves of the Book of books, which lay upon her knees, taught to her semi-savage husband the lessons of hope, faith, and charity, which he was swift to apprehend, and out of his love to his Saxon wife hastened to expound to his people.

The memory of this pious queen is perpetuated by a chapel dedicated to her in the castle of Edinburgh, where she died of grief at the death of her husband, and son; also by the Queen's Ferry, between the north and south sides of the Firth of Forth in crossing which, in her flight from England her ship was driven a short distance westward into the shelter of a bay, now known as St. Margaret's Hope.—*Family Friend.*

QUEEN MARGARET TEACHING MALCOLM FROM GOD'S WORD.
(Drawn by Sir Noel Paton.)

TWO WAYS.

Fred and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him he waits as long as he can, he hates so to touch it! Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says:

"I can't help it," or "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says:

"I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a man to be trusted?—*Early Dew.*

Temperance Department.

POTATOES: AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SNOW.

For the purpose of illustrating a certain subject I draw a fancy sketch, and ask the reader to accompany me in imagination to another country.

After landing on its shores we make our way to one of the principal towns, and on the *morning* of the *following* day we sally out to make our observations.

In passing through a street, we hear the question asked at an open door, "How is your husband this morning?" and we are startled by the reply which the wife gives: "We've had a terrible night with him. I had to call the neighbors in to hold him, or else he would have jumped out of the window. O these potatoes—these potatoes—they are killing him! When he keeps from potatoes he's all right, and we've a a comfortable house; but there's so many shops open he can't pass 'em by, and when he takes one potato he will have more, and they get to his brain and make him into a madman."

Going further on we hear the noise of crying, children. "What is the matter?" we ask. "O, they're Mary Tomkin's children. A kind lady saw them in the street yesterday all in rags, and asked them where they lived, and their mother told her a fine tale of poverty and destitution. So this morning the lady sent them some clothes that had belonged to her own little 'uns. The servant tried 'em on the children, the poor little things was wonderfully pleased, and Mary was all smiles and thanks. But as soon as the servant was well out of sight what does Mary do but strip them off the children and put on their rags again, and now she's off with them to pledge for money to take to the potato shop. And so that's what the crying's about." "Is this the way with the mothers of this country?" we indignantly ask. "O dear no," is the ready reply. "It's only when they take to potatoes. I remember Mary Tomkins when she was as good and kind a mother as ever lived; and when that oldest girl was about the size of the youngest but one, we used all of us to notice how clean and tidy Mary kept her, but since she took to potatoes they're always just as you see them now."

Proceeding on our way, we see men here and there staggering in the street, and we ask, "Are those men ill?" "No—they've been eating potatoes."

We go out after nightfall. We hear loud shrieks, and hasten in the direction whence they proceed. We see a group of people standing in the light proceeding from an open door. We come forward and behold a woman laid upon the floor. We hear her heavy and painful breathing until it ceases, and ceases finally. We notice a man leaning back upon the arm-chair, the only person present who does not comprehend the meaning of the scene. He came from the potato-shop not many minutes ago in a state of frenzy, which is now followed by stupefaction. He commenced beating his wife as he was wont to do in his madness; but this time, after felling her to the ground, he inflicted a violent kick in the region of the heart, and now the police have come to take him to prison.

Next morning we take our walk in the suburbs. We find ourselves approaching the public cemetery. We enter the grounds, and are civilly accosted by a townsman whom we overtake. He joins us in our walk round, chatting pleasantly as we go along. Looking at a head-stone in front of us he remarks, "Poor fellow, I knew him intimately. His father and I were boys together. He was a bright and promising lad as ever you saw, but he fell into bad company and got a liking for potatoes, and then it was all over with him. He was mad after them, though we could all see they were bringing him to the grave. He would have been alive and well and prosperous now if it had not been for potatoes." We look at the lettering, and read, "age 23."

On returning into the town we enter the Town Hall. The magistrates are on the bench and are trying the "cases," and we soon find they are nearly all potato cases. One after another the blear-eyed victims of potatoes stand in the dock. Some have been drunk and incapable, some drunk and disorderly, some are charged with crimes more or less serious, but the great bulk of them have been brought to their disgraceful position through eating potatoes.

We begin to conclude that we have lighted upon a very unfortunate town. So we take our departure and make our observations in another part of the country. But here again we encounter scenes of the same character. And go where we will, we find a most fearful amount of crime, pauperism, lunacy, and premature death chargeable upon potatoes! Nay, so common is the vice of excess herein, that the articles themselves do not require to be specified when reference is made to that vice. The indefinite expression "he eats," or "she eats," or "they eat," conveys a meaning unmistakably particular, viz., that the persons referred to eat potatoes, and eat them to a degree which is discreditable to the character, and detrimental to all the qualifications of well-being and well-doing.

If you knew such a country you would say that it was in very deed suffering from a potato blight—not a blight upon the potatoes, but unspeakably worse than that, a blight inflicted thereby. You would deem it an honor and privilege to contribute in any way towards the removal of that blight. You would scarcely, methinks, plead for the use as distinguished from the abuse but would rather urge in the name of common humanity and common sense that the whole thing, root and branch, be swept away altogether.

The above is an imaginary sketch. But dear reader, you know a country, and you know an article in that country concerning which every word in the above sketch is no fiction and no exaggeration, but a great and terrible reality. That country is our own beloved England, and that article is intoxicating drink, an article which owes its injurious and fatal properties not to the God of nature but to human manipulation—an article the evil results of which beggar description and defy exaggeration, while the supposed beneficial effects of its use as an ordinary beverage constitute the greatest and most unfortunate error the world was ever beguiled with. Do you doubt this latter statement? The accumulated testimony of the past fifty years to the superior health and greater longevity of hundreds of thousands, yea millions of total abstainers from this beverage, amounts to a demonstration which whoso runs may read.

Ponder well, dear reader, these two facts—(1) the unspeakably appalling and widespread evils of the immoderate drinking of intoxicating liquors arise directly from its moderate use as a beverage; and (2) that moderate use as a beverage is useless.

Underbarrow Parsonage, Milnthorpe.

CARDS AND DRINK.

"Cards and wine, the two great breakers
That have wrecked so many souls,
Wrecked and shattered, lost to heaven,
At the table, in the bowls."

In the winter of 1870 I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago, on the N. W. Railway.

I noticed an old lady who had got on board at Menasha, I believe. Gray and bent with age, she had sat abashed, and with eyes closed, seemed asleep most of the time till the train, stopping at Oshkosh, took on board a company of lawyers. Her manner then changed and she became greatly interested in the company, looking often from one to the other as if she recognized them all, or was trying to recall the faces. When the game of cards was started she became very restless; she hitched uneasily about in her seat, took up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bit the threads. She got up after a time and tottered forward, holding the seats as she passed. Reaching the players, she paused directly in front of them, and looked around the company. Her action at once arrested their attention and they all looked up inquiringly.

Gazing directly into the face of Judge——, she said, in a tremulous voice; "Do you know me, Judge——?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; "I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court-room in Oshkosh, when he was tried for—for robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June."

All faces were now sobered, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up all over the car to listen and see what was going on. "He was a good boy if you did send him to gaol. He helped us to clear the farm, and when father was sick and died he done all the work, and we was gettin' along right smart till he took to goin' to town, and keards and drinkin,' and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out often till 'most mornin,' and then he'd sleep late. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of 'em got killed when he'd been to town late at night. And so after a while he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after a while he couldn't git any work and wouldn't do anythin' but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everythin' I could to get him to quit and be a good, and industrious boy agin, but he used to get mad after a while, and once he struck me, and then in the mornin' I found he had got what little money there was left of the farm, and he had run off. After that I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin,' but I didn't hear nothin' of him for four or five years. When he got arrested and took up to Oshkosh for trial he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But, recovering herself, she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr.——," pointing to Lawyer —— who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. ——, the district attorney. "And you, Judge ——, sent him to prison for ten years. I s'pose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he said he must have been drunk, for they had all been playin' keards' most all night and drinkin'. But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playin' keards he might a-been alive now. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he would say: 'Why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy or the cigars, or somethin' like that.' And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that 'Squire Ring was going to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothin' at all with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way, when I was young, but it jist seems to me as if everybody nowadays was goin' wrong into something or other. But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way, but it jist seemed as if the very sight of them keards would kill me, and I thought if you only knew how I felt, you wouldn't play on so, and then to think, right here afore all these young folks. Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look up to such as you, and then I can't help thinkin' that maybe if them as ought to know better than to do so, and them as are higher larnt, and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my poor Tom would be alive and carin' for his poor old mother; but now there ain't any of my family left, only me and my poor little gran'chile, my dear darter's little gal, and we are going down to stop with my brother in Illinois."

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than did the gray, withered old lady, trembling with age, excitement, and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall the half she said as as she, poor, lone beggared widow, stood before those noble-looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation. To say they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said, "Don't cry, ganma, don't cry, ganma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that any one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say that the passengers generously responded to the Judge, when he, hat in hand, silently passed through the little audience and made a collection for the poor widow—*Leaflets for Young People.*

HOW THE LEAK WAS MENDED.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Uncle Timothy!"

Uncle Timothy looked up from the shoe whose sole he was vigorously hammering.

"Why, bless you, John, ef I'm not glad to see you, man alive!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, jumping up so suddenly that his last went one way; taking the shoe with it, his hammer went another, while his spectacles fell into the water pail close by.

There stood Uncle Timothy grasping the arm of his favorite nephew, John, as if he were a pump-handle, and the day being hot, and Uncle Timothy being dry, the pump-handle was worked with emphasis.

"Set down, John, and tell us how the folks are," said Uncle Timothy. "You have come to make me a visit, and have time enough to tell me all I want to know."

John was telling about "the folks," when Uncle Timothy said:

"What's that? Thunder, I do believe, rollin' down old Bear Mountain! We shall catch a rain now. There it is comin' down the mountain."

Come it did, furiously. Soon the water began to drip down from the ceiling.

"Uncle Timothy, your roof is leaking."

"I know it, John; I know it. I will just put this pail under that 'ere."

"Why don't you have the roof mended?"

"Well, John, carpenters, you know, do charge so! La! John, they'd make a forenoon's work of it stoppin' up that 'ere hole, and I don't seem to have the extra chink. Fact is, John, it costs suthin' to live in this world, and it keeps a feller poundin' all the time."

Here Uncle Timothy took up his work and began to ring out a series of responses to the thunder rolling at nine-pins overhead. In the course of his visit John noticed that every forenoon Uncle Timothy would leave his shop, step across the yard to his house, bring out an immense yellow mug, and passing to a saloon in the neighborhood, bring home a mug full of beer.

"Ah!" thought John, "I see how it is that the roof is not mended."

The next day a surly, growling wind brought rain that began to pour early in the morning.

"Uncle Timothy," said John, after breakfast, "could I borrow that mug I see in the closet?"

"Oh! sartin, sartin."

Uncle Timothy was not going to his shop very early that day, and John knew it, business at another part of the town calling him away. When he returned it was about eleven o'clock, and his beer gnawing visited him.

"Where is my mug?" said Uncle Timothy, going to the closet. "Oh! John has it. Well, I guess I'll let my beer go this forenoon."

The rain was still dripping when he passed from his house to the shop. John was standing in the door.

"A wet day, nephew," said Uncle Timothy, "and there is not much hope given by the clouds."

Here he looked up, and there on the shop roof, covering the leak, he saw his old yellow beer-mug! For a minute Uncle Timothy gazed in silence. Then he broke out:

"Thank ye, John; I'll take the hint."

It was the last day Uncle Timothy owned a beer-mug. It was the last day that roof leaked, for it was soon mended with the beer-money he saved.—*Watchman.*

THERE ARE FIFTEEN times as many saloons in Chicago as there are in the entire state of Kansas. Does this prove that prohibition is a failure and high license works satisfactorily?

IF THE PUBLIC drinking places of England were placed side by side, in a straight line, they would extend a distance of 700 miles.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO BEGIN A HOME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Did you ever hear a gray-haired man or woman say, "Ah, well, if I had my life to live over again, and could have my present experience to guide me, I would manage things very differently!" But the fortunate individual does not exist to whom that chance has been given. Once gone, time never returns, and therefore it is of the greatest importance for you, dear readers, who are rich in youth and hope, to use these golden days to advantage.

You are beginning a home. Yours is a grand opportunity. What will you make of it? What sort of home shall this be, to which you go, I trust, while the joy-bells are still ringing for your wedding?

The first thing I would say to you is, do not begin in a boarding-house. Let your home from the first have the sweet seclusion of being your very own. Sit at your own table, spread for two. Shut your door upon the rest of the world, and feel that your house, or your flat, or your small apartment, as may be, is hemmed in with sacred privacy.

Larger or smaller, determine that your home shall be carried on honestly. Pay for things as you get them. Be resolved to live within your income. To this end let husband and wife be perfectly candid with each other. There should be a financial basis, and a scale of expenditure, thoroughly understood by each other.

An immense amount of friction, of humiliating irritation and trouble would be saved if people who are beginning home life would act with common sense and fairness about money matters. The husband is the bread-winner. The wife is the loaf-giver. He directly earns the family income. She also helps to earn it by caring for the internal economy of the household and leaving him free to attend to his business or his profession.

Domestic financiering is commonly carried on in a loose hap-hazard way, to the last degree absurd. You, hand in hand at the altar, do not dream that so sordid a thing as money could ever give either of you a headache.

Well, take my advice and it never will: Buy nothing for which you cannot pay, keep out of debt, and have a common purse, each partner being fully in the confidence of the other. And as we are stewards of the divine bounty, let it enter into your home plan to give systematically, as God prospers you, to the poor, to home and foreign missions, to the cause of God and the coming of his kingdom.

Begin your home in a spirit of unselfishness. Your love for each other should not make you careless of social duties. Exercise a simple yet generous hospitality, inviting guests to your house, and giving them of your best, not in the way of food and lodging only, but in the interchange of thoughts and opinions. Nothing brightens a house and breaks its routine like neighborliness. Be at home to friends, and let the home wear an air of welcome to all who come within its doors.

A home should have its ideal to which it aspires. Of all people they are most to be pitied who are satisfied with to-day, in the sense of having nothing to climb to to-morrow. "To live that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day" should be our aim. Be the furnishing plain, be the margin for luxury narrow, still let the frugal housewife look forward to something better farther on.

You ought to think much of your day of small things in this regard. It is delightful to have to economize, so that the new picture on the wall marks an event in the home history, and the new rug on the floor is an episode, and the new book on the shelf is cause for a family festival.

Talking of home history, why not write one? Why not set down, day by day, in a book, the pleasant happenings of life? Your children—and you will be blessed indeed if they fill the home nest with laughter and song—will by and by prize such a volume as above rubies.

Do not isolate the new home by being strangers and pilgrims, with no rest for the soles of your feet, among the churches. Have a church home from the beginning; a pew, and a place, and a pastor, and Christian friends of your own, so that your household shall be one of the lights on some golden candlestick that shines in your community for Jesus.

Guard against small displays of temper, against jealousy, against slight misunderstandings.

Husband and wife should be chief friends to each other, and no entering wedge of alienation should disturb or fracture their intimacy.

"It is the little rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make the music mute."

Love must rule the happy home, and love must be longsuffering sometimes, since we are men and women; not saints and angels.

If you want your home to rise in beauty and symmetry, build it on the Bible.

I beg you to have family worship, always, at least once a day. Read the Bible together, and together seek the presence and the benediction of the Master. That is a cold and cheerless abode in which there is no room for Christ. Let the time never be that your little ones as they come, and your friends as they visit you, shall be surprised at a call to family prayers. Courage, dear young people, if this appals you at the outset! It will soon become your dearest and most hallowed privilege.

Begin right! Go on right! Your home will be a type of heaven.—*Christian Union.*

TOO TIDY.

In opposition to all that is written and said of neatness, order, method, and every other virtue which goes to make up the sum of good housekeeping would a woman endanger or lose her reputation entirely if she dared to say, do not be too neat, do not be too methodical. In drawing up your rules and regulations do not imitate the Medes and Persians whose laws were unalterable. Give way sometimes. You have no doubt heard that "circumstances alter cases." It is well to remember it. Solomon has told us that there is a time when certain things should be done, and other times when the same things should not be done.

If every wife and mother would store up this injunction of the wise man in some corner of her brain and act upon it occasionally, there would be an increase of the happiness and comfort of many a home. Truly the "must" and "must not" in some houses are the grimmest of lions standing across the path of any enjoyment, or even peace. If we may use an expression which is not very far removed from slang, it is possible to get too much of a good thing. Every one knows what a house without method is, but perhaps every one has not considered what a house with too much may come to be. A place where rules and regulations ride rough shod over inclination and comfort and mercilessly crush every feeble attempt at resistance or rebellion; where the inmates are so hedged in by "thou shalt" on the right hand, and "thou shalt not" on the left, that the one course which they may pursue with impunity is wonderfully narrow and monotonous.

Then do not be too neat. Do not give every person under your roof or, indeed, who comes in contact with you, reason to hate that innocent, well-meaning word. It must be understood that here we do not refer to personal neatness, nor the cleanliness which is "akin to godliness," and without which no woman is worthy of the name, but to that over-developed bump of order which manifests itself in a never ending tidying of every thing, and keeps up a state of perpetual semi-house-cleaning, the thought of which contracts a man's heart with fear as he turns his face homewards, which drives the children out of doors in search of a place where they may amuse themselves without molestation, or if the season will not admit of that drives them to desperation in-doors, and often reduces them to that unenviable condition in which Satan will find something for them to do Or, perhaps, and this is a frequent case, in order to preserve the immaculate neatness of the more public part of the house, they are banished to some remote corner and there left to their own devices. This corner is often the most imperfectly lighted, warmed and ventilated apartment of the house, albeit dignified with the title of nursery. It is really a good plan to give the children one room which they may call their very own, and in which they may do as they please; but the house is their home all through, is it not? And is it advisable that their amusements and employments should always be a separate part of the home life. Let them occasionally bring their playthings where you are, let them feel free to make a little noise, and, if unavoidable, let them once in a while disturb the accustomed serenity of your dining or sewing room. Join in and show an interest in their occupations. You will add a hundred fold to their enjoyment by so doing and as much to your fondest memories in after years. Keep them as close to you as you can, you will be separated all too soon, other things than your love of order and neatness will rise up as a wall between you. The world, new ties, land and water, nay, even estrangement, and last of all death itself will separate you. Keep them close while you can.

How many world weary men and women cherish fondly, as a possession which no one and nothing can take from them, the memory of the one time when they were happy. Long ago, in the old home, care and trouble never reached them; oh, if they only could have remained children, and always been with mother. And how many more look back with bitterness, not unmingled with disgust, to a repressed, joyless childhood with recollections of little more than floors that must be kept clean, carpets which must not be walked on by other feet than those which had arrived at discretion, rooms which must not be entered, chairs which must not be sat upon, questions which must not be asked, until it seemed that whatever life or liberty they had known was what they had found in God's free air. No bright spot for them to gaze back upon. If they have found the world an unsatisfactory, disappointing place, well, it was always so; they never knew anything else. It has been a desert all through, unrelieved by even the memory of an oasis.—*Household.*

COOKING WITH OIL STOVES.

Mrs. Lincoln, the Boston lecturer on cookery, says: When one tells you that there is "no trouble" in using an oil stove you may be morally certain that she does not know what she is talking about. To be sure you are saved additional heat and dust in the summer when you have so much of both from nature herself; but unless you are careful you will have a smoky atmosphere and a disagreeable odor. You needn't have either if you choose to manage properly; the "no trouble" people will have it all the time. The way to avoid it is to keep the burner perfectly clean, and entirely free from the gummy burner deposit which even the best oil will leave on the polished brass burner. Every day the burner should be washed in hot, clean suds, and thoroughly dried and the wick replaced; the little brass net-work about the base of the burner should be carefully wiped and kept free from every particle of dust. The wick should be cut squarely and evenly with sharp scissors, and not even a thread should be left that is higher than the rest. When the blaze is extinguished, the wick should be turned down at least half an inch below the edge of the burner. If it is left above, or even with the top, it will absorb oil, and the oil will run over the top, making it greasy and soiled, and emit an unpleasant odor. The best quality of oil should be used, as, after all, it is fully as economical; there is less sediment in it, it will burn to the last drop, will not smoke so badly and does not leave such a rank odor. The stove should be filled after using, and when it is first lighted the blaze should be watched, because it increases in intensity and very soon begins to smoke. It can then be regulated and left for some time, especially if you are baking; if you have water on boiling, as soon as the water reaches the boiling point the flame will increase again and must be turned down. The reason for this nobody pretends to explain, but the fact remains.

ORANGE JELLY.—To one pint of sweet cream or milk add six well beaten eggs, and the juice of six oranges, also sugar to suit the taste. Put this mixture into a stew pan and cook slowly, stirring all the time, until it becomes as thick as melted butter. Be careful not to allow it to boil. When thick enough pour it into a dish, and set in a cool place. Serve when cold.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first may be your household pet;
My second is in my first;
My third will make the children fret
When snarls are at their worst;
To my whole, if you choose, a visit pay;
'Twill be found near Rome on the Appian Way.

ENIGMATIC BOUQUET.

1. The first part of the day, and splendor.
2. A domestic animal and to slide.
3. A hollow cylinder, and a flower.
4. Crystallized vapor, and a globe.
5. An English coin, and kingly.
6. A vehicle on wheels, and a body of people.
7. A color, and a sounding instrument.
8. A wild animal, and a flower.
9. Confectionery, and a knot or bunch.
10. A weapon, and the place where money is coined.

BURIED INSTRUMENTS.

1. What a wonderful thing it is to char pieces of wood, so as to make another useful article.

2. Bessie, you are a great humbug. Let me alone with your kisses. I know you want to ask a favor.

3. There are now a great many more useful utensils for cooking than our grandmothers had.

4. You must have a stronger net to fish with, or nothing will come from your efforts.

5. There is a sad rumor about that children know more than their parents.

ENIGMA.

First is in light; but not in dark.
Second is in garden and also in park.
Third is in May, but not in June.
Fourth is in beat, but not in tune.
Fifth is in tree, but not in vine.
Sixth is in bottle and also in wine.
Seventh is in quiet, but not in noise.
Eighth is in drum, but not in toys.
Ninth is in rain, but not in dry.
Tenth is in gain, but not in try.
Whole is an ornament which hangs very high.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Butterfly.

CROSSWORD.—Dust.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE.—1, Co-nation. 2, Suppose. 3, Steam-boat. 4, Bog-rush. 5, Prob-able.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—1. B-ear-d. 2. L-air-d. 3. B-row-n. 4 C-row-n.

Correct answers have been received from Annie L. Kennedy.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

See that your child never leaves any task half done or slovenly finished; and therefore give not too many tasks. Thoroughness is the corner stone of success. There is no place in the world now for smatterers, who know a little and only a little of everything under the sun. There is always an honorable place for those who can do any kind of honest work in the best manner. Show the child from the experience of others, that little or no progress is made by spasmodic and intermittent effort. The world is now so advanced and competition so keen that genius must ally itself with patient, persistent work, and with the deftness which comes only from continuous practice. The young are prone to dream of what they will do in the future. The history of others proves that they will never do much, unless they are doing their present work thoroughly. They do not realize this, and mere arbitrary assertion of the fact usually makes but slight impression. Biographies of successful men, whether read from libraries or furnished from your memory of neighbors, establish the truth in their minds, and such biographies should be freely read by children.—*Rev. E. P. Roe, in American Agriculturist for August.*

THERE is something radically wrong in the domestic administration when boys of twelve or fifteen years, and even those only eight or ten years old, are out night after night till a late hour without even arousing parental suspicion. The judge in the Quincy case took the right ground when he declared that it is the fathers and mothers—not the boys—who are to blame when such youngsters come to grief.—*Brooklyn Union.*

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER V.

The two doctors stood beside little Willie's bed, as the setting sun sent its last rays of glory into his room.

The child seemed fast asleep; his open Bible lay beside him—the one that had been his mother's; for he had been reading in it ere he broke the blood-vessel which was the fatal sign.

No sound was in the room; Miss Joyce was utterly worn out, and was lying down on the sofa at the foot of the bed, for Dr. Meadows said Willie might continue unconscious for hours. Dr Joyce had given no opinion, but the little hands were clasped tightly within his own.

At last there was a movement, and the father pressed a morsel of refreshing ice between Willie's lips.

He opened his eyes. "Father!" said he, "I can't see — is it night?"

A sob burst from the strong man's lips.

"Don't cry, papa," and the little hands felt for his face, "I'm so safe—Davie told me about Jesus—I'm so glad Jesus has got me tight."

"Don't talk, darling," said Dr. Meadows; "it will make you cough."

"I won't talk much; I want papa. Kiss me, papa—kiss me good-night."

"Try to sleep again, Willie," said his aunt.

"Yes, auntie, when I've said my hymn." And then the little fellow turned his face towards the window, though he could see the sunset sky no longer, and said his evening hymn—

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

* * * *

When Dr. Meadows left the house, his partner had locked himself into that room alone, and Miss Joyce was in the deep sleep of sorrow.

Davie was standing at the gate, watching eagerly for news of Willie.

"I didn't let him hear my voice, sir, I've been waiting outside all the time; is Master Willie any better sir?"

And the doctor said gently, "Yes, Davie; Jesus has taken away all his pain."

CHAPTER VI.

"FATHER!"

Sterner and harder than ever seemed Dr. Joyce during the few days that a little flower-strewn coffin lay at Sunnyside; he scarcely spoke to any one; but his partner was most anxious about him, for he scarcely ate or slept, and Dr, Meadows knew that unless he gave way to his grief his life was in danger.

He did not attend the funeral service—a critical case at some distance demanded his attendance. The good clergyman, however, sought him that evening, where he knew he would surely find him, and pressed his hand in silent sympathy.

Dr. Joyce pointed to the new-made grave.

"For ten years, sir," said he "I have planned and schemed and saved for the future of my only child; and this is the end."

"Nay," said the clergyman, earnestly, "but rather the beginning. The strongest man living has powers less wonderful, the happiest heart on earth is less happy than little Willie now. For when we see our Lord, we shall be like Him, as He is."

Dr. Joyce made no reply; he turned slowly away and went up to his room where one little bed stood empty beside his own.

The next day he lay helpless with brain fever, and for a time hung between life and death; his kind sister nursed him ceaselessly, and even when he regained his senses, he was weak as a little child, and needed constant attendance. They were discussing one day the plan of getting an attendant to help Miss Joyce, when the doctor beckoned his partner to him, saying, "Let Davie look after me."

So Davie came to the sick-room; and trod softly and carefully, and ministered to the doctor's comfort as tenderly as his kind little heart prompted him; though when he saw Willie's bed his chest heaved and he could not speak, which Dr. Joyce noticed though he said nothing.

By this time Davie could spell out a text here and there, and often, when the doctor seemed asleep, he conned over his Sunday lesson, word by word, till it sank into his memory, and into the heart, too, of the listening man.

And one day, when the patient had been left alone,and Davie was bringing in some chicken broth as quietly as a mouse, the boy's heart gave a bound of joy—for he and Willie had prayed for this—the Bible, hers and his, was open in the doctor's hands, and Davie heard him murmur in a broken, faltering voice—

"Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, Jarvis was steadily making progress towards recovery. Dr. Meadows promised, if he tried to live honestly, to set him up in a good station as shoeblack, for his leg would never be quite well, so he could do no active work.

Jarvis was so full of jokes that nobody could find out whether he really meant to do better or not; but every one could see that he was really fond of Davie, and when the boy could no longer visit him, because of living at Sunnyside, he became very despondent, and declared he was going to die, and should be lost for ever.

In this state of mind he continued a long time; nothing seemed to give him hope, till one day the good Christian lady, who revenged his burglary by visiting his sick-bed, knelt down in the ward, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon that poor dark soul, and, when she arose, Jarvis said, "He loves me, me—ain't it wonderful?"

His kind friends did not lose sight of him again; the doctor got him to attend a night-school, and at last succeeded in getting him to sign the pledge; and now, in all the shoeblack regiment, it would be difficult to find one more civil, honest, and obliging than Ben Jarvis; for he is "on the Lord's side," and the Lord has strengthened him to resist temptation in whatever form it may come to him.

One day when Dr. Joyce was getting better he called Davie to his side, and said, "Davie, I hear you want to become a doctor."

"Yes, sir, please, sir! and I'm a-learning how to make some sort of pills."

"But it will want plenty of money to make you a clever doctor."

"Will it, sir?" and Davie's face grew clouded; "then I can't get to be one, sir; I'd have liked to make folks' pains better, but it don't matter. Perhaps I'll drive a tram."

"But, Davie, do you know I owe you something? I don't mean for attending to me now, or for your work for my child—God bless you for all you did for him—but I hear you were put in prison unjustly, and I must try to make that up to you."

"You do know I'm not a thief now, sir?" said Davie, flushing red.

"Yes, my boy; poor little fellow! I suppose Dr. Meadows has not told you what I want to do for you?"

"Yes, sir," said Davie simply; "he told me you was a-going to get me my next pair of boots."

"Not your next only, but many more pairs, I hope. Since he did not tell you, listen to me. I am very lonely, Davie, and there is none to succeed me in my name or in my profession. Will you come to me as Davie Joyce, and be my son? I will do all for you that I hoped to have done for my angel boy."

Davie opened his eyes, turning redder still.

"I—I can't leave Doctor Meadows," said he; "I likes my room over the stable, and that'ere baby will be wanting me back again now."

"You are frightened I shall keep you by force, I see," said the doctor, with a sad smile; "but, hard as I seem, I will not adopt you against your own will. Remember, though, that instead of service you would get a first-class education, and instead of bread and cheese, plenty of good food, and your room over the stable would be changed for Sunnyside. I have learnt to love you, lad, and I know this is what my Willie would have liked.

"I'd like to please him," said Davie, hesitating; "but I does love Dr. Meadows; please mayn't I talk to him about it?"

Dr. Joyce nodded. "You may go now," said he; "and you may take a week to decide."

But Davie did not need a week to make up his mind. Dr. Meadows saw that money and comfort could not tempt Davie away from his service; but he appealed, and not in vain, to the boy's sense of self-sacrifice.

"I have a wife and children," said he; "Miss Joyce is going to live with her sister, and Dr. Joyce has nobody to love him, and take care of him. It makes me very sad sometimes to see that lonely, broken-hearted look in his eyes; I think this may be the call of Jesus to you, to bless and brighten that desolate life."

Davie had not thought of it in this manner before, and his eyes grew very radiant with a light caught from above.

"For Jesus' sake." This thought entirely altered the case; for a few minutes the little fellow knelt down in his garret above the stable, and asked that the Lord would lead him aright, and then he went to say "good-bye" to the baby.

'But I shall see you many a time," said he; "so don't fret after Davie;" which did not seem at all likely to be the case, since Miss Daisy was quietly intent on the contemplation of her wee pink toes, which had just been bared for Slumberland.

In the calm of the evening, Davie again left Mereham for Sunnyside; the moon glided quietly out from between the clouds, and as he looked up to the silver light, he thought of little Willie safe at home in the painless land.

The gas was not burning in Dr. Joyce's room; he lay in the dark, wondering whether Davie would return to him at the end of the week or no, and thinking, too, of his dear ones whom God had called above.

Just then, when the tears rose to his eyes, and his heart grew sad and heavy, a boy's step sounded up the stairs, a boy's hand touched his own, and a loving voice said earnestly, "I've come to stay with you, father!"

THE END.

"THE daily use of beer shortens life from ten to fifteen years."—*Dr. Davis.*

HOW PINS ARE MADE.

When you look at one of those little insignificant pins, do you ever think that a great deal of trouble was taken to get it just right? Well, it takes a great deal of work to make a perfect pin.

First, a reel of brass wire is taken of suitable thickness. The wire passes over a straightening board, after which it is seized by two jaws, and a cutter descends and cuts it off, leaving a projecting part for a head. On the withdrawal of the cutter a hammer flies forward and makes a head on the pin; then the jaws open and the pins drop on a finely ground metal plate, with the heads upward, until the end to be pointed comes into contact with a cylindrical roller with a grinding surface, which soon puts a fine point on the pins. They then fall into a box ready to receive them, and are ready for the second stage. After they are yellowed or cleaned, they are tinned, or whitened, as it is called. The pins are now ready to be placed in papers. One girl feeds a machine with pins, and another supplies the machine with paper. The pins fall into a box the bottom of which is made of small, square steel bars, sufficiently wide apart to let the shank of the pin fall through, but not the head. As soon as the pins have fallen through the bottom of the box and the rows are complete, the bottom detaches itself, and row after row of pins is sent at regular interals to be placed in the papers. Meanwhile the paper has been properly folded and pierced to receive the pins, which by the nicest imaginable adjustments come exactly to their places.

Pins were first used in England in the 15th century. They were first made of iron wire, but in 1540 brass pins were brought over from France by Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. At first pins were made by filing a piece of wire, and by twisting the other end.

There were several inventions previously for holding together parts of the dress, such as buckles, brooches, clasps, hooks, etc. They are very costly to make, but our readers think nothing now-a-days of a pin, unless they happen to sit on the point of it, in which case they usually say what they think with out being questioned.—*Treasure Trove.*

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Samuel Johnson.*

MAKING GLOBES.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radical pieces, from centre to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mould and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sand-paper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coating of paint or enamel that will take a clean, smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world, printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly as though the peel of an orange was cut through from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland generally, although there are two or three establishments otherwheres which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe-making, and yet it appears to be easy because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fulnesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians and stands—are finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.—*Scientific American.*

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.
(*From a photograph*).

BUOYS.

Many of our young readers will be likely to take excursions by water this summer, and they will notice that upon entering any harbor there are buoys of different colors, on either side of the channel. Those on the right hand are invariably painted red and those on the left, black. A buoy with horizontal stripes of both red and black indicates the centre of a very narrow channel, to which a vessel should keep as close as possible. Red and black vertical stripes show the locality of spits, or small points of land running into the sea, and of reefs. A buoy having red and black checks is to give warning against a rock or some other obstruction. In case of two such obstructions, with a channel between, the buoy on the right will have red and white checks, and the one on the left, black and white checks. A green buoy is used to mark wrecks and has the word "wreck" painted in white letters upon it. By the way, would it not be a nice plan to have boys so marked that one could tell at a glance what they are good for? Indeed we believe they are if one looks sharp.—*Congregationalist.*

THE KITCHEN-GOD.

Among the many gods of the Chinese is the kitchen-god. They put up a new one every New Year's Day, when they burn the old one. They think that this god takes care of everything in the kitchen; and if the fire don't burn, or the bread is baking to fast, or there is any trouble, they scold and beat the god. When he is burned, they think he goes to heaven, and tells all that has happened in their kitchen for a year; so sometimes they daub molasses on his mouth before they burn him, and they think then he can't tell. What sad ideas these people have of God and of Providence!

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Family Circle.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

When the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise
Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
"Father, what would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
Let me, clinging to thy side,
Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

Only let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"

—*Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, in Sunday at Home.*

STOPPING THE PAPER.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and to-morrow the milk bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder"—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabbily-booted foot went on.

Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before:

"I believe it will have to be done; of course I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard, but really I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I cannot do without, so I see no other way to begin saving but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. Jacob Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said as she closed the envelope; and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said.

"Stopped it!" he ejaculated blankly; "why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling, "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints with which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment. "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes such as you allowed me to copy once, and I knew you would spare it a few minutes."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! oh, well, never mind," and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known that we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson-papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jamie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school lesson. Where's the paper—I'll get it."

"We have no paper to-night, Jamie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try and get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jamie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh, dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do without it? I don't see what you stopped it for.

"And there's the story mother always read to us, after the Sunday-school lesson was learned," wailed Jamie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear anything more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough. I'm surprised it makes such a fuss all round, just one paper."

No more was said that night.

The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good morning Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?"

"Better, sir, thank you; considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was feeling so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said 'twould be good as a cordial any day to hear me read one of those nice sermons."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject, until the family were seated at their ample dinner, when Jennie asked a little timidly:

"Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment, then Jennie said thoughtfully:

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have our nice story and pretty lesson every week than to have plums in our puddings."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother; "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking; that will probably be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt; and when towards the last of the week the paper came, impulsive Jennie actually kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comments, but afterwards, when only his wife and himself were in the room, he said:

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper; Absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbors and my own children knew more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future—do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction, and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that was how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—*Golden Rule.*

The above story is, of course, a parable to teach the great truth that a good newspaper, sound on religious, temperance, and moral questions, is a prime necessary of life for a family in this nineteenth century. Such a paper will be worth a hundred times its cost in the education of children for usefulness and success in life. In no other way can so much pleasure and profit be obtained for the same money in a year as by laying it out on a good newspaper; and yet multitudes of fathers will rather deny their family that great advantage than deny themselves liquor or tobacco.

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

BY CAPTAIN M. C. WILKINSON.

Emma was the Christian name given to the only daughter of Chief Winum, an Umatilla Oregon Indian. She was about fifteen when her father gave her to me to take to the Indian Training School at Forest Grove. Chief Winum himself is a man of more than ordinary power. The history of the settlement of the new north-west bears undisputed testimony to his singular faithfulness to the whites; although it is true that it does not bear like testimony of their faithfulness to him. Of steady Christian purpose, he ardently desired for his only daughter that she might have the benefit of an education, and he willingly gave her up to our care for that purpose.

It was a cold, stormy night when I left Pendleton, Oregon, with my charge of ten Umatilla children,—four girls and six boys. Arriving at Umatilla, a little town on the Columbia River, I could at first find no one who would give them shelter, though permission was given to bring them in out of the storm into a bar-room. Here I left Emma in charge, while I sought for a barn as a place of refuge for the night. Even this was denied. At last, however, I was able to melt the heart of the "keeper," and to secure a room for the girls. It was equally difficult at my next stopping-place to find accommodations, for "Injuns," though the railway company kindly let us remain all night in a caboose car in the stock-yard. Thus we passed our second night. Emma matronized this little party of outcast children with calm dignity; she saw how vain had been the efforts to get accommodations, but her heart bore no fruit of resentment against those who refused it. And this was an Indian child, going to strangers in a strange land, and with one whom she had never seen before!

The Bible had been a closed book to her; but when she entered the school, she sought eagerly every opportunity to learn its truths. She mastered thoroughly her lessons. God had chosen her pen to be the ready instrument of wonderful good to her people. She made speedy progress in the art of composition; and it was through her letters to her Umatillas, and to the Nez Perces, among whom she had many relatives and friends, that the great work of her life was done. As a fact, over one year ago, a church of sixty members was formed among the Umatillas, this result being due, almost wholly, under God, to these written messages. Two wild brothers, now clothed and in their right minds, are included in the membership, and one of them is a chosen leader.

Last December saw Emma fatally ill at Forest Grove. It seemed strange that God should take her, with her new-found "open Bible," from her people. Years before, from personal observation, I had known how much these Umatillas needed a teacher and leader such as she was proving to be; and now this Indian girl was dying, to whom the Master had given such knowledge of holy things, and a power so great of expressing them that the receipt of her letters was made the occasion for called meetings in her tribe to hear them read, the Holy Spirit using her messages with converting power. When I came to her bed of death, she saw the questionings in my eyes. So quickly did she read my soul through them, that the tears ran large and fast down her face for a moment. Then, as she reached out her hand, I said: "Emma, is it all right?" and she replied "Yes," as only such a loving child of God can say it. There was little need to talk much in such a presence. "It was all right," she said, as we talked about her people; she had "hoped to do so much for them," but she "wanted God's way." After that, I saw her once again, but she was too tired to talk, and in a little time she fell sweetly and peacefully "on sleep."

Only once did I hear her speak to her people; it was when I had taken twenty-five of the Indian children to The Dalles, Oregon, in order that they might meet relatives and friends, called together at that point for this purpose. With great pains did this large company of Indians prepare, just out of the town, a "cloth house," spreading their best blankets, and making everything as attractive for their children as possible. This was a "secret meeting," no whites were there save the matron of the school and myself. It would have been well if the world could have witnessed that meeting; the nights in the bar-room, in the caboose, and the stockyard, were forgotten then; the crowds that had thronged the church, some listening tearfully to the happy voices in testimony and song,—even following to the hotel, eagerly asking us "to sing once more,"—were left behind. At that parting hour, when the little groups gathered together, led by mothers and fathers—Emma's time came to speak. Meantime, three Indians, painted and blanketed, had discovered our camp. I had noticed them riding in a circle about us, but, interested in the speaking, I had forgotten them; presently I looked behind me, and saw them prone upon their faces just outside of our shelter, seemingly not interested in the least. Just then began Emma's voice.

"O my people!" she said, as only she could say it, "I want you to know about God; I want you to learn to pray to Jesus. The open Bible, the open Bible, that is for you. You must not drink whiskey; you must not gamble; you must not break God's day; you must not curse; you must learn to work; to make homes. If you will learn God's words, his ways, you shall live, not die."

I saw her eyes fixed on those wild Indians; they knew her, and she knew them; they were of her people. Now they crept close to my side; these three faces, that so short a time before looked so savage, had strangely altered. They gazed into the face of Emma; and it was almost painful to see their startled aspect as this chief's daughter spoke to them, understandingly, of life for them, not death, if they would have it. I have been at many Indian scenes, in their camps in time of peace and war, but this picture will never be forgotten,—the pleading of this Indian girl; the group of her deeply interested school-mates; the happy mothers and fathers, pressing closely their redeemed children; the upturned painted faces, in such striking contrast, and, above all, Emma's tearful, soul-ful voice crying, "O my people, you need not die! God says so." Surely such a memory must go with me until my dying hour.

Shortly before her death she visited her home. That home will long show her handiwork; her neatness, order, and system were proverbial. While at home she labored with great cheerfulness and faith, encouraging her people to make homes, showing them how to keep them neat and orderly. At her funeral, one of the speakers said that he

"did not know of one who could so well afford to die as could Emma."

Was it so? Emma believed God's Word, and her brief work was mighty in just this faith. Are there not some, not Indians, who can gain some helpful, healthful lessons from the life and death of this dear child,—some lesson that will set them doing, as well as believing?—*S. S. Times.*

WHO BANGED SUSIE'S HAIR.

Susie Burke came in from the garden one warm summer afternoon, with her little scissors in one hand and a lot of paper dolls and doll's clothes in the other.

"Why, Susie!" exclaimed her mother. "What in this world have you been doing to yourself?"

"Susie Burke, what ever possessed you to cut your hair like that?" exclaimed Helen, her elder sister.

"O-o-h! What will papa say? He just hates bangs!" put in Harry Burke, Susie's brother.

"How could you do such a thing, my child?" asked Susie's mother, with looks of mingled astonishment and displeasure.

Susie's face grew red and she looked ready to cry. She put her hand uneasily to her forehead, across which the soft dark hair, which was usually combed smoothly back, fell in a very irregular line. It was easy to see that the "banging" had been done by no practised hand.

"I didn't do it, mamma," said Susie.

"You didn't do it? Who did, then?"

"I don't know, truly, mamma."

"Why, Susie, how can that be possible?" said mamma.

"Why, Susie Burke, what a story!" exclaimed Harry.

"Hush, Harry! Don't accuse your little sister of telling what isn't true. Where have you been all the time since lunch, Susie?"

"In the arbor in the garden, cutting out dresses for my dollies," said Susie, holding up what she had in her hand as evidence of the truth of her words.

"All the time?" queried mamma.

"Yes, all the time. I haven't been anywhere else."

"And you didn't cut any of your hair,—not the least little lock?"

"No, not the least little bit. I knew papa wouldn't like it."

"Did anybody come into the garden while you were there?"

"I didn't see anybody, mamma."

"Well, if that isn't a mystery!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"It's awful hard to believe, I think," said sister Helen.

"We must believe it. Little Susie has never been known to tell a lie. Whatever any of my children tell me, I shall believe is true, till they have clearly proved their words untrustworthy," said mamma, firmly.

"But how could such a thing be?" argued Helen. "Her hair is cut all jagged, exactly as a child would do if she tried to cut it herself, and yet she didn't do it, and don't know who did it."

"And she asked papa the other day if she might have her hair banged, just like Nellie Eastman's," said Harry.

"I didn't do it, truly, truly, mamma," was all poor Susie could urge, while she nestled closer within the encircling arm whose close clasp seemed to assure her of defence against the displeasure and distrust of all the world.

"We shall have to wait and see what papa will say," said Mrs. Burke, after a moment of perplexed thought.

"Will he be very angry?" asked Susie. "Will you tell him I didn't do it?"

"Or consent to its being done?" cross-questioned Helen.

"I didn't even know it was done till just as I got up to come in," Susie declared. "I thought something felt odd, and I put my hand up, and it was all cut so."

This was a mystery indeed. Nor could papa solve it, though he questioned his little daughter even more closely than her mother and sister had done.

We must believe that she speaks the truth, because she has earned a character for truth," he said at last. "I should be sadly disappointed and grieved if I found I couldn't depend on the word of a child of mine. Go to mamma, and let her make the cutting even, Susie. Since I must submit to seeing you with your hair banged, it must be done in better style than that."

"I'm sorry, papa, since you don't like it. Will you kiss me?" said Susie, lifting her shorn head timidly.

Her father stooped and kissed her. "You needn't feel badly when you're not to blame, my child. I believe you; though it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

It remained the most incomprehensible thing for a week or more. Then, one morning, soon after breakfast, they had a caller—two callers, in fact—Mrs. Lake, their nearest neighbor, and Rollie, her youngest son, a merry rogue of ten or elven years.

The boy looked shy and shamefaced, and kept as much out of sight behind his mother as possible, while she explained the reason of her call.

"I have just found out that this boy of mine has been guilty of a very naughty trick," said Mrs. Lake. "I thought you ought to know, as Susie might be blamed unjustly. I brought him here that he might confess. Now, Rollie, tell Mrs. Burke."

"I cut Susie's hair," Rollie blurted out, with his eyes fastened to the floor.

"But how? It has been the greatest mystery to us! How could you do it and Susie not know it?"

"Oh she was asleep!" said Rollie. "I found her there in the arbor, leaning back, with a paper doll in one hand and the scissors just dropped on her lap from the other, and I just thought I'd bang her hair. I'm ever so sorry, and won't never do so again," said Rollie, penitently.

"Did she get much blame for it?" inquired Mrs. Lake. "I couldn't think how you could help believing she did it, however she might deny it."

"We couldn't understand it at all," said Mrs. Burke, "but we believed Susie, though everything seemed against her, because the child never yet told us a lie.—*Joy Allison, in Youth's Companion.*

LEAVES NOT THE LIFE.

"Grandpa what can you be doing," inquired Gerald, coming toward grandpa, with a face full of amused astonishment; "what can you be doing?"

"I am making a gooseberry bush for you," replied grandpa, composedly: "I noticed you liked the ripe gooseberries, when you were at Pemberton Lodge, last week, and I think you would like a bush of your own."

"But, grandpa," began Gerald, looking very hard at grandpa, and thinking very hard in trying to decide if he was joking, or had quite gone crazy—"grandpa, gooseberry bushes grow; they are not made."

"It pleases me to make this one. All the rest may come as they please," replied grandpa, pinning a leaf here and there to a tall, dry brier, which he had previously planted firmly in a large pot.

"How do you like your gooseberry bush?"

Gerald did not wish to hurt grandpa's feelings, but what could he say? He looked at the pretended bush, and at grandpa's face, and was perplexed, for grandpa appeared heartily in earnest in the work of trying to make the bush.

"It cannot have berries on it," he replied evasively.

"It cannot, pray tell me why?" inquired grandpa seeming to be astonished as he drew off a little way to admire his bush, and to glance at Gerald.

"Because, grandpa, it has no life."

Grandpa folded his arms across his breast; he gave a little push up to the glasses astride of his nose; he looked so inquiringly at Gerald, that Gerald felt obliged to add: "Dead bushes do not bear berries."

"How do you know it is dead? You say hard things of a fresh, green bush. See the leaves. Why boy, your grandpa knows that a dead bush does not bear berries, but look, don't you think he has given it life?"

"It will not stay fresh and green, grandpa; you only put on its leaves; you did not put any life in it," said Gerald, gravely, more and more perplexed by grandpa's uncomfortable notion about the bush.

"Will not the green leaves bring it life?" said grandpa; "what is the life of the bush if such beautiful green leaves are not its life?"

"Grandpa dear, you are only hoaxing me: I believe you know it is the sap. The sap makes the leaves grow, and shows that the bush is alive, but the leaves do not make the sap."

Grandpa laid down the leaf and pin; he did no more towards making a bush; he drew Gerald close to him, and laid his hand upon his head, and gave a long pleased look in his face, and he asked: "And you think all those beautiful fresh leaves do not give life to this bush?"

"No grandpa; they never can."

"And suppose they have grown on the bush, what then?"

"Oh, then we would know that the bush was alive."

"Why? if the leaves are not the life of the bush how would you know any better about it if it had leaves of its own?"

Gerald considered.

"I think, grandpa, that the leaves only show that the bush is alive; they do not make it alive."

"Can a bush without leaves be alive?"

"Yes, sir; if I cut off all the leaves of my bushes in the garden they would still be alive."

"Can a bush grow without sap?"

"No, sir; the sap makes it grow."

"But if the bush has sap—that is life—how about the leaves?"

"It will put out leaves, of course, grandpa, if it has life."

"Now Gerald," said grandpa, very earnestly, this world may be compared to a garden: every boy and girl, and man and woman in it may be called one of God's plants: "what is the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones?"

"What a funny notion, grandpa; I do not believe I know what you mean."

"What is the difference between a real Christian and a make-believe Christian?"

"Real Christians are good, and the make-believes only seem to be good: is that it, grandpa?"

"That is right, so far as it goes, but the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones is that the living ones grow and bear leaves and fruit while the dead ones have the leaves pinned on."

"Grandpa! what a funny, funny notion."

"The leaves and fruit of God's plants are their works; and, boy, many plants, not really living plants of God, have leaves and fruit of a certain kind, but they are dead leaves. Can you tell me why?"

Gerald thought a minute. The lesson he had been taught flashed upon his mind with a new light.

"Grandpa," he said, "do you mean that living plants must have God's Spirit, and that works without God's Spirit are dead?"

Grandpa smiled. "You are right, boy; even dead plants often have leaves and fruit which do not grow from the living power of God's Holy Spirit, which come from outside influences, and are like good, green leaves pinned upon a dry, dead stem. The leaves and fruit, you see, are not the life; the Spirit of God in the heart is the real life, just as the sap in the plant is its life."

"Grandpa, why did you ever try to make a gooseberry bush?" inquired Gerald, looking at the result of grandpa's effort.

"I tried to make it, boy, because I wanted you to remember for the rest of your life that leaves are not the life—that works never make a Christian—but that good works, the leaves of God's plants, must grow by the influence of His Holy Spirit, or they are like dead leaves pinned on; for good works are not the life, they are only the consequence of life. What kind of a plant do you wish to be—a plant with a few leaves pinned on, or a living plant, sending out green leaves and sweet fruit, because God's Spirit has made you a living plant?"

Gerald whispered his answer in grandpa's ear, and grandpa smoothed back his hair and smiled, and taking his hand walked out to the bright sunshiny and fresh air, leaving the dead bush, with its false leaves, while he enjoyed the beauty and fragrance of the living plants holding up such sweet contented faces in the living garden toward the brightness overhead.—*Exchange.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I wonder if you know how much everybody is expecting of you, Will and Frank.

I never pass you on the street with your books under your arm; I never return your polite salutations without thinking that there is a world of work waiting for you, and you will be in the very midst of it in ten or fifteen or twenty years from now.

By the way, how charming it is to see that boys all over are very much more courteous than they were a while ago. Off comes the lad's cap whenever he meets mamma or sister or any one of mamma's friends on the highway. His "I beg pardon" is ready if he is obliged to pass before you or does not hear what you say. And it is very, very seldom that one sees a boy, whether poor or rich, occupying a seat while an old or feeble gentleman or lady is left to stand.

There is certainly an improvement in good manners among our boys.

Boys in these days should be wide-awake. There are traps and snares especially set for them, which I wish they could be persuaded to avoid.

One is contact with impure companions. No matter how clever, how manly-looking, or how handsome a certain big fellow of your acquaintance may be, if you hear him using profane language or speaking sneeringly of his parents, have nothing to do with him. Our comrades help to make us.

Another bit of advice I would give you is this. Avoid silly, sensational stories, particularly those which tell of crimes and hair-breadth escapes and unlikely happenings generally, and are sold for ten cents or less at the book stands. The very pictures on these publications are enough to make one shudder.

Besides there are plenty of good books which are vastly more entertaining than anything these catchpenny dreadfuls have to offer you. If you do not know where to find such, ask your Sunday-school teacher, or pastor, or some older friend who cares for boys and likes to see them happy.

Go to church where your parents go. Do not get into the bad habit of roving about from church to church. Even though it may not be insisted upon at home, go always with the family, and sit in your place in the family pew.

Be attentive to your sister, just as attentive as you are to Tom's or Ned's sister. Never let her feel that she has need of an escort or a companion while she has a brother.

Pray every day and never omit your morning prayers. Some people think that it is quite enough to pray at night. But morning prayer is just as needful and just as important. Pray to be kept from temptation and delivered from evil.

While still a boy stand up for Jesus. Come out boldly, enter the church and own your Saviour. We want an army of young men to fight the Lord's battles, and we want you to be one of their number.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. On what occasion did David write "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended"?
2. Who built the city of Samaria?
3. Which are the seven churches in Asia to which the Revelation was addressed?
4. Which of these churches were not charged with any sin?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initials give him who enters the sheepfold by the door; the finals, him who climbs up some other way.

1. Abraham's wife.
2. The seer who told Asa that the host of the king of Syria had escaped out of his hand.
3. That which the wayfaring man in the way of holiness shall not do.
4. One of the places Paul and Barnabas passed through on their way to Jerusalem.
5. The son of Shallum, Jeremiah's uncle.
6. He to whom Samuel said, "Here am I."
7. That which the Lord promised to send in due season if His commandments were kept.
8. That which the dresser of the vineyard promised to do round about the fig-tree if it were spared for a year.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ELISHA.—2 Kings xiii. 20, 21.

1. E-ve	. . . . .	Gen. ii. 22.
2. L-azarus	. . . . .	John xi 21.
3. I-saac	. . . . .	Gen. xxii 16, 17, 18.
4. S-olomon	. . . . .	1 Kings x. 24; Acts xiii. 22.
5. H-annah	. . . . .	1 Sam. i. 13-18.
6. A-dam	. . . . .	Gen. iii 6-20.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greene, C. Spence, Albert Jesse French, Lizzie E. Caldwell, Clara Farnsworth, William Traquair, James A. Clark, and Katie McDonald.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.

Oct. 12, 1884.] [1 Chron. 22: 6-19.

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 17-19.

6. Then he called for Solomon his son, and charged him to build a house for the Lord God of Israel.

7. And David said to Solomon, My son, as for me, it was in my mind to build a house unto the name of the Lord my God:

8. But the word of the Lord came to me, saying, Thou hast shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars: thou shalt not build a house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight.

9. Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest; and I will give him rest from all his enemies round about; for his name shall be Solomon, and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days.

10. He shall build a house for my name; and he shall be my son, and I will be his Father; and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel for ever.

11. Now, my son, the Lord be with thee; and prosper thou, and build the house of the Lord thy God, as he has said of thee.

12. Only the Lord give thee wisdom and understanding, and give thee charge concerning Israel, that thou mayest keep the law of the Lord thy God.

13. Then shalt thou prosper, if thou takest heed to fulfil the statutes and judgments which the Lord charged Moses with concerning Israel; be strong, and of good courage, dread not, nor be dismayed.

14. Now, behold in my trouble I have prepared for the house of the Lord a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver; and of brass and iron without weight; for it is in abundance: timber also and stone have I prepared; and thou mayest add thereto.

15. Moreover, there are workmen with thee in abundance, hewers and workers of stone and timber, and all manner of cunning men, for every manner of work.

16. Of the gold, the silver, and the brass, and the iron, there is no number. Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.

17. David also commanded all the princes of Israel to help Solomon his son, saying,

18. Is not the Lord your God with you? and hath he not given you rest on every side? for he hath given the inhabitants of the land into mine hand: and the land is subdued before the Lord, and before his people.

19. Now set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord your God: arise, therefore, and build ye the sanctuary of the Lord God, to bring the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and the holy vessels of God, into the house that is to be built to the name of the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with you.—1 Chron. 22: 16.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 1: 36-53 .....The Conspiracy Defeated
T. 1 Chron. 22: 1-19.....David's Charge to Solomon.
W. Ps. 122: 1-9 .....The House of the Lord.
Th. 1 Chron 29: 20-30..... David's Death.
F. Ps 89: 1-14.....God's Covenant with his Chosen.
Sa. Ps 96: 1-13 .....Declare his Glory.
S. John 4: 5-24 .....Spiritual Worshippers.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Solomon's Work. 2. David's Preparations. 3. The Princes' Part.

Time.—B.C. 1015. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 6. HE CALLED FOR SOLOMON—not long before his death. V. 8. THOU HAST SHED BLOOD—it was not fitting that he who had been a man of strife and war should build a house for God's mercy-seat. V. 9. A MAN OF REST—whose reign should be a time of peace. SOLOMON—*the name* means peaceful. (See 1 Kings 5: 4.) V. 10. HE SHALL BUILD—see 2 Sam. 7: 13, 14, and Lesson III of last quarter. V. 12. THE LORD GIVE THEE WISDOM—our next lesson will tell us how this prayer was answered.

II.—V. 14. IN MY TROUBLE—in the midst of wars and troubles from his foes and his children. A HUNDRED THOUSAND TALENTS OF GOLD—this talent of gold is estimated at $26,280. A THOUSAND THOUSAND TALENTS OF SILVER—$1,000,000. BRASS—copper or bronze. V. 16. NO NUMBER—an unlimited supply. ARISE, THEREFORE—the means are provided and God will work with you.

III.—V. 17. THE PRINCES OF ISRAEL—the leading men of the kingdom. V. 18. REST ON EVERY SIDE—God had given them victory, peace, a good land. V. 19. SET YOUR HEARTS—make it your great concern to serve the Lord in all respects, as well as to build the temple. If the heart is engaged for the Lord, the head, the hand, all, will be employed for him.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God selects his servants for the special work he would have them do.

2. That he opens their way before them and helps them in their work.

3. That his promised presence should give us strength and courage for our work.

4. That we should be ready both to pray and work, and also to give, for God's service.

5. That the more God has done for us the more we should do for him.

LESSON III.

Oct. 19, 1884.] [1 Kings 3: 5-15.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9, 10.

5. In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

6. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou has given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

7. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.

8. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

9. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?

10. And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing.

11. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment;

12. Behold, I have done according to thy word; lo I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

13. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches, and honor; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days.

14. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.

15. And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt-offerings, and offered peace-offerings and made a feast to all his servants.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom."—Prov. 4: 7.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 3: 1-15.....Solomon's Choice.
T. 1 Kings 3: 16-28. .....Solomon's Wisdom.
W. Prov. 4: 1-13 .....Wisdom the Principal Thing.
Th. James 1: 1-12.....Prayer for Wisdom.
F. Prov. 9: 1-12..... .....The Call for Wisdom.
Sa. Job 28: 12-28.....Where and What is Wisdom?
S. Prov. 2: 1-5 .....The Lord Giveth Wisdom.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Choice Made. 2. The Choice Approved. 3. The Choice Exceeded.

Time.—B.C. 1015. Places.—Gibeon, Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 5. GIBEON—a town about six miles north-east of Jerusalem, where the old tabernacle and altar still remained. ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE—*thus graciously signifying* his acceptance of Solomon's offering. V. 6. SOLOMON SAID—he first acknowledged God's goodness to David his father, and then confessed his own insufficiency for the work laid upon him. V. 7. BUT A LITTLE CHILD—not absolutely in years, but in experience and skill for government. V. 9. AN UNDERSTANDING HEART—practical sagacity, that he might rule wisely. (see Prov. 2: 6; James 1: 5.) The desire to be wise is an evidence of wisdom. WHO IS ABLE—*the best prepared often feel their insufficiency* the most. (Compare 2 Cor. 2: 16.)

II.—V. 10. PLEASED THE LORD—Solomon had chosen well, and God granted him his desire.

III.—V. 13. THAT WHICH THOU HAST NOT ASKED—God always exceeds men's requests. Matt. 6: 33; Eph. 3: 20. To wisdom was added an absolute promise of riches and honor, and a conditional promise of long life. V. 14. IF THOU WILT WALK IN MY WAYS—Solomon failed to fulfil these conditions, and therefore, though he had riches and honor, his life was not prolonged, as it otherwise would have been.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That wisdom is more to be desired than riches or honor.

2. That the Lord delights to give great blessings.

3. That he often gives us more than we ask.

4. That children should be thankful for God's mercies to their parents.

5. That answers to prayer should be acknowledged with thanksgiving.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

Many a seeming accident illustrates Cowper's lines:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Dr. Hamlin, so long the head of Roberts' College, Constantinople, tells one of these "accidents." One hot day in July, 1838, while passing the Galata Custom House, a crowd attracted his attention. Forcing his way through it, he saw a poor sailor lying by the side of the wall, apparently dying of cholera.

"Do you speak English?" asked Dr. Hamlin.

"Yes," said the man, following the word with an oath.

"Are you an Englishman or an American?"

"American"—another oath.

Worse expressions showed that profanity had become his mother-tongue. Dr. Hamlin, after many appeals to the crowd, whose brutal natures were stirred by the prospect of seeing him die, secured assistance and removed the sailor to a house.

For several weeks he was nursed and visited by the missionaries. He recovered and sailed for Boston. On the morning he left, he called on his missionary friend to say good-bye. Lingering for a moment by the door, he said:

"I have been a very wicked man, Mr. Hamlin, and have done all the evil I could in the world, and now I am going to do all the good I can."

Three years after, Dr. Hamlin received a letter from him, which thus began:

"*Dear Mr. Hamlin*,—Thank God I still survive the dead! I am here workin' and blowin' the gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal."

When Dr. Goodell, an old missionary, saw the letter, he asked that he might begin the answer, and taking a sheet of paper, wrote:

"*Dear Mr. Brown*—Blow away, brother, blow! Yours in blowing the same gospel trumpet.
WILLIAM GOODELL."

Twenty-five years after, Dr. Hamlin, while dining at a hotel in Paris, was accosted by an an American gentleman.

"I am just from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands," said the gentleman. "I have known a man there by the name of Brown, who has done a great deal of good among the sailors. He can go everywhere and anywhere with the Bible. He has told me how he was once dying, a blasphemous dog (his own words), in the streets of Constantinople, and you picked him up and saved him, soul and body. Is it all true, or is it in part a sailor's long yarn?"

What seemed the accidental passing of Mr. Hamlin down a street in Constantinople was the means by which God saved "a blasphemous dog," and sent him "blowin' the gospel trumpet" along the "Eri Kanal," and among the islands of the Pacific. Is there such as an accident in God's moral government?—*Youth's Companion.*

REGULATING THE ELEPHANT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build tollgates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman. "I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens they had erected very comfortable toll houses for the gatekeepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath; "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction."

But they were not the first men nor the last who have tried to stop a pretty big elephant with a very big slim gate.—*Forward.*

A CHANCE FOR WORKERS.

The *Northern Messenger* will be sent to any address FROM NOW TILL THE END OF THE YEAR FOR TEN CENTS. All those who will work for us and thoroughly canvass their neighborhoods can make a nice little amount of pocket money for themselves, for we will accept FIFTY CENTS for every ten names such canvasser may forward us. Such subscriptions, however, *must all be sent at one time.* This chance we offer to *Messenger* workers is a very good one, and we expect that a great number of our friends will avail themselves of it. Do not delay, but go to work at once and in thorough earnest.

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